

reeking delicately of eau de cologne.

Nahata, the velvet-footed, had laid out clean linen while his master slept, and these the novelist donned with the servant's help. When Mrs. London joined him they descended together to breakfast. London called for a grapefruit. Then a poached egg—one poached egg, d'ye mind—and a bit of toast—without butter. The white of the egg, he stipulated, must be of the consistency of jelly. The toast must be crisp and brittle. He would have his coffee black.

After breakfast he returned to the suite—which, by the way, is done in lavender—and started a new chapter of a novel, in which primitive men like their meat raw and bloody, and make savage, guttural noises in their throats when they eat.

Mr. London's thousands of admirers will be shocked to learn that his table manners are perfect.

PICKS ON PITTSBURGH

Patrick McAuliffe, 575 West Forty-second place, was arraigned before Municipal Judge Rooney on a charge of disorderly conduct.

The charge against McAuliffe was preferred by his daughter, Julia, 19 years old. She said her father was a regular riot, and that last Sunday he beat and abused her just out of sheer lightness of heart.

"Where do you come from?" Rooney demanded of McAuliffe.

"Pittsburg," said McAuliffe.

"Then I sentence you to return to Pittsburgh for 30 days," said Rooney. "That ought to be punishment enough for you. You get right out of Chicago, and go to Pittsburgh. And don't you come back inside of a month either."

McAuliffe almost wept.

"Please, judge, don't make it Pittsburgh. Not Pittsburgh. Any place but Pittsburgh."

"I said Pittsburgh, and Pittsburgh goes," said Rooney. "Maybe after a month in Pittsburgh you'll be willing to behave. It will be a lesson to you."

"Oh, please, judge," groaned McAuliffe, "can't you make it St. Louis, or Kansas City, or—any place but Pittsburgh?"

But Rooney was not to be moved. He was filled with a stern desire to punish McAuliffe adequately for his sins, and no other punishment than exile to Pittsburgh seemed to fit the crime.

So McAuliffe left the court, with tears in his eyes, and sobs in his throat, condemned to exist in Pittsburgh for 30 days.

To prevent noise in the bathtub attach a piece of rubber hose to the faucet long enough to reach to the bottom of the tub. There will be no noise or spattering of water.

"What become of Blink?"

"Oh, he opened a store."

"Doing well?"

"Not exactly; he was caught by a policeman."